

# INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

R. L. OWENS,  
J. L. SWEEZY,  
Editor.

VINITA, INDIAN TERRITORY.

## SHARES.

My home is humble, meet and plain,  
No servant ruffles my small domain;  
It is my joy to serve my own,  
And let their love my labor crown.

My mother's home is rich and grand,  
With many a roomy room and hall;  
Her carriage stands before her gate,  
And awaits at her bidding call.

Yet oft she comes to sit with me,  
And seek my weary sympathy;  
She eases that hold me near to earth,  
And grants the sleepless time repose.

In many ways we boast our lives;  
Our drives, our walks, our drives,  
Or toast my beauty-loving heart  
And kindle her燃烧的 gems of art.

Often sit beside her board  
With costly dainties richly stored,  
While we sit and talk and dream  
And clustering flowers are grouped with care.

I share the pleasures of her wealth  
Without the care that may her health,  
And leave her friend, yet envy not  
The wealth and splendor of her lot.

She takes a cup of fragrant tea  
And sets it smiling full with me,  
While we sit and dream and talk,  
And lighting each the other's care,

—Mrs. J. H. Price, in Godless Rock.

## CHOOSING A WIFE.

From the hay-field came John Westlake and went into the cool sitting-room, threw himself upon a sofa, picked up a paper, and read as follows:

"A young man having intimacy in view should ascertain before taking this important step whether his intended is worthy to be made one's wife. Many a man has had both torture and happiness wreaked by overlooking this important point."

"He who has the knowledge can obtain the desired information; he can have some notion of his father's house early in the morning, and if he is satisfied, he can ride or sit in a stable at the open door or window and thus see which, mother or daughter,

"He can take a position behind some tree in the orchard, commanding a view of the house, and the knowledge can be obtained, and it should be obtained by some means, and in this case the son justifies the means."

"What paper do you have?" said John, looking for the heading. "The Crampton Herald. Yes, and this is good advice for a farmer's son. Now," soliloquized he, "I have about concluded to marry Mary Johnson—that is, if she will have me, and I think she will—but I must confess that I do not know much about her abilities as a house-keeper. I know that everything in their house—that is, as far as I have seen—is in perfect order; but who takes care of the house I don't know—perhaps Mary, perhaps Mrs. Johnson. Mary, I know, has taste, for she comes into company as neatly dressed as any young woman in the neighborhood; but then she has had the advantage of two or three years' city schooling, which fact may account for her knowledge of dress, but it argues somewhat against her knowledge of domestic affairs—but I will find out."

"John, dinner," said his little sister Kite, poking her curly head in at the door.

While eating, John outlined a plan of operation.

"I will," thought he, "get up early to-morrow morning, go across the meadow to Johnson's corn-field, then through the corn-field to the barn-yard, cross the barn-yard to the meadow fence, and then creep along this until I get to the bushes in front of the summer-kitchen window, where I will hide, and there, not more than a rod away, I can see everything that goes on."

"What a splendid General I'd make!" said he, chuckling, as he went to the field by himself, and the more he contemplated his plan the more he became convinced of its brilliancy of conception.

"I will tell Mary," said he, "of my story after we are married—that is, if she will have me, and I think she will."

"Love," continued he, "is blind, but I will show Mr. Cupid that if he has pierced my heart he has not affected my vision. And again, getting married is said to be like putting your hand into a bag in which are ninety-nine snakes and one red, and know just where to reach for it."

Next morning John arose very early, dressed quickly, and went down stairs very quietly.

Going first to the barn he went half way around it to get it between himself and the house, and then struck a broad line across the new-mown meadow towards "Squire" Johnson's corn-field.

He had not gone far before he heard a noise behind him, and looking around he saw his old dog Nero at his heels.

"Go home, you old 'ound-dog," said John, firmly and trotted slowly homeward.

"The confounded old scamp," muttered John, "would have all the 'Squire's dogs about me in less than a minute, and then good-bye to my plan."

Mary Johnson was the daughter, as were others of their race, Johnson, who lived on the farm adjoining Squire's.

She was a handsome, intelligent girl, and of course a good house-keeper, as most intelligent country girls are, and us all girls ought to be. Mary's several years at school had made some change in her, but John found to his sorrow that she had not lost the habit of early rising.

This morning she arose somewhat earlier than usual and went to the barn-yard to do the milking. As she was about to begin she glanced towards the corn-field and saw some one coming.

"Who can that be?" she said. "As sure as the world is it John Westlake! And he's coming right here, and I've nothing on but this thin gown! Oh, dear! what shall I do?"

Her first impulse was to run, but observing that he was coming very cautiously, as if in fear of being seen, and knowing that she was undiscovered, she prompted him to stay; so gliding behind a hay-stack near by, she was in a position to note his actions undetected.

Coming to the barn-yard he ran across it, in a halting posture, to the meadow fence. Getting inside, he began to creep along the fence towards the house, much like a savage trying to steal upon his enemy.

"What does he mean?" said Mary, her blue eyes dilating in wonder.

The summer-kitchen was a short distance from the main building and between it and the meadow fence was a small but dense thicket of undergrowth and wild grape-vines.

This was the point for which John was aiming.

Arriving within a few rods of the fence, he ran, stooping, across the little open space of meadow between the fence and stream; then, behind the bushes that hid the bank he burst along until he reached the thicket, into which he crept, and fixed himself so that he could have a view of the window.

Mary's eyes flashed in anger.

"So, John," said she, "you have been reading the Crampton Herald. Well, we'll see how much information you will have for your master."

Then, taking a commanding way, as though he might not see her, Mary entered

the house and went up-stairs to her room and sat down at a window that overlooked his hiding-place.

"What a splendid place for observation!" said John to himself as he flung himself among the bushes.

Just then he up-went the window and out came a pair of dire vision thrown by the strong eye of Mrs. Johnson.

"Up, up, up!" said he, crowing backward, as the dirty shower came dropping down through the leaves, "this is a circumstance for which I made no calculation."

"Hello, where is Mary?" called Mrs. Johnson to one of the girls.

"Up-state," said Bill.

"Why, what's she doing there? Why don't she come down and do the milkin'?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "She says she's not coming down for some time; you needn't wait breakfast for her."

"Just as I expected!" said John with a sad countenance. "Those boarding-schools will ruin any girl. I suppose they'll carry her breakfast up to her. I guess I'll go now; I've learned as much as I want to know."

But John did not wait them; instead, he lay a rug over the ground, and started in earnest, yelping and howling, while old Bull, from the barn, with long bony horns, indicated his desire to join in the chase.

"What in the world is the matter?" exclaimed the "Squire" as he put out his tail to listen to the noise.

"Hurrrah!" said the boys, jumping and running to the door.

"What's there?" said the "Squire".

"Something in the corn-field," was the reply.

"Jones' cattle again. Go over, Tom, and put them out."

Tom, when he started, saw something twisting about in the middle of the field, but when he got there he saw nothing, though he met the dogs howling round him and apparently had frightened them.

"Get them! Get them! Get them!" cried the "Squire", coming to the spring to wash and thinking the dogs were after a cat or a bird.

In a few minutes the family went round by the barn, through the garden, and into the house the back way.

Going up stairs quickly to his room, John put on a pair of clean clothes; then, going outside as suddenly as he came in, he reached the barn by the roundabout course he had taken when coming in.

Now from the barn he started and mounted boldly up through the yard towards the house.

"Poor old Bull!" said John, condescendingly.

A low savage growl stopped him; there, right in his front, was old Bull, stretched out, with his head between his paws, winking at him, and seeming to say: "I've got you now, young fellow!"

"Poor old Bull!" said John, sharply.

"We're glad to see you back, John," said his mother; "but we'd like to know where you've been."

"Yes, give an account of yourself," said his sister Julia. "We had about concluded that you and Mary had gone to Grotto Green, or some similar place."

"Well, I'll tell you," said John. "You know I told you a few days ago that some of the academy boys were on an excursion to the city this morning, and wished me to go with them. I did not intend to, but thought I would go over this morning and see them off."

"You know the train starts very early, and I expected to be back in time for breakfast; but when I got on they held me up, and I used an expression or two denoting his willingness to see Bill in a warmer climate than this."

Breakfast was now over. The "Squire" and the boys came out, took their seat by the window, and the dogs left the thicket.

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